

by the ramblin rose

Summary: Caryl, AU. He wants to, he just isn't as good at expressing it as she might want him to be. Lucky for him, she doesn't seem to mind and she doesn't have a problem expressing herself.

Tonight Daryl and Carol were on "watch". With all the vehicles they'd found gathered together in a cluster, they took turns at night watching out for Walkers. One or two, here or there, and they didn't have to worry too much. If it looked like they might be surrounded, though, then they had to act fast and wake everyone else.

That was their life now. They were constantly moving around, despite the fact that Rick's wife looked like she should've dropped the kid she was carrying yesterday. Since the farm they hadn't found anywhere that they could really hold for more than a couple of nights. Sometimes they crammed into a farmhouse or a barn. Other times they found a store or a restaurant they could sleep in for the night. For the most part, though, there wasn't any long term staying _anywhere_. Everywhere they went, the Walkers didn't take too long to catch them.

Tonight was pretty still, though. Daryl sat in the driver's seat of the vehicle and Carol sat in the passenger's seat. She was talking to keep herself awake more than anythingâ€”she did it every night that they had watch together. And Daryl, without her knowing it, _always_ requested that they have watch together.

"Everybody knows," Daryl said, "but don't nobody give a damn."

"You know," Carol said, "it started in a pharmacy."

Daryl hummed.

He wasn't sure how they'd gotten on the topic of Maggie and Glenn's sex life, but he wasn't exactly thrilled with the turn that the conversation had taken. What Carol said was true. Everyone knew that the two of them were having sex. Everyone knew that they were having sex every time they were given even a moment of peace to themselves, but that didn't mean that he wanted to talk about it.

After all, there were plenty more people _not_ _having_ sex.

And some of them were starting to suffer a little because of it.

"I wonder who the one to ask first was," Carol continued. Her voice had the somewhat lazy draw to it that it usually got at this hour when she was starting to get sleepy. "Probably Maggie. Glenn's the kind that...well...he needs that."

Daryl snorted.

"Needs somebody to bang him in a pharmacy?" Daryl asked. He hummed.

Maybe that's what the hell a lot of them needed. He wasn't too sure, at this moment, that if Carol had asked him to bang in a pharmacy he would've turned her down. In his imagination, he could see himself not even giving a damn about the Walkers that would, no doubt, be closing in around them.

"Someone to ask him," Carol said. "You knowâ€”he's shy and...well...he might not..."

She seemed to be having a hard time figuring out exactly how she wanted to explain her train of thought. Either that or she was falling asleep.

"Just because he's shy," Daryl offered, but he didn't finish his thought any more than she had. She hummed in response to something that required no response. She sighed.

"You're shy," she said.

Daryl's pulse picked up at the sound of her voice. At the sigh. He thought of a dozen responses he could makeâ€"none of them very goodâ€"but he wasn't sure he could actually form the words to any of them.

"You need me to ask you?" Carol asked, the tone of her voice going up a little with her amusement at herself. That was the other characteristic of Carol on a late watchâ€"she would start to amuse herself with things that, maybe, some people might consider to be a little off-color.

Daryl nearly choked on his own spit.

"The hell?" He coughed out. He looked at Carol. Even in the darkness of the car, he could see her smiling at him. Grinning like a mule eating briars, that's what Merle would've said.

Merle would've also told him, by now, that he needed to get his head out of his ass and stop blowing her off every time she said one of those off-color jokes. But the problem was, Daryl was shy and he wasn't ever entirely sure if she was really joking or not.

"Do-you-need-me-to-ask-you?" Carol repeated, drawing out the words long and carefully. Daryl stared at her. "Well?" She pressed. "Then are you going to ask me?" Carol sunk back in her seat and sighed again. "You're not going to ask me," she said. "But one of these days? I'm going to get tired of asking you."

Daryl shifted around in his seat.

"Are you serious?" He asked, hissing out his words to keep them as close to a whisper as possible. Now it was Carol's turn to stare at him without saying anything.

Now his pulse had moved from slightly elevated to thundering. His heart was pounding so loudly that he was pretty sure it would draw Walkers to their little cluster of cars. She wasn't saying that she was seriousâ€"but she wasn't saying that she wasn't. And he felt like that would be something she'd be pretty quick to say if it were true.

Tentatively, Daryl leaned toward her. She met him with enthusiasm and kissed him hardâ€"much harder than he expected. Immediately everything in his body responded to the kiss. He grunted and pulled away from the kiss.

"What's wrong?" Carol asked.

"All this damn time and you do this now?" Daryl asked, his frustration growing in direct correlation with the interest he was feeling.

"Me?" Carol responded. "I'veâ€"offered at least a dozen times. I've practically begged."

"Makin' damn dirty jokes ain't offerin'," Daryl said.

"Neither is sucking your teeth and walking away," Carol responded. She sat back in her seat, shifting around. "You don't want to? You don't want to."

But Daryl did want to. He very much wanted to and that only served to make him more irritated with his current situation. He'd just kissed her. For the first time. And he wasn't sure how to go about anything else. He'd been with other women, but none of them had ever made him feel quite like Carol did. She made him want to be so damn good at everything that she had him tripping over his shoelaces just because he noticed she was watching him walk.

"Want to," he said. Carol sat up. She shifted around to face him again.

"You want to?" She asked. He hummed. She laughed quietly. "Well that's just about the most romantic thing thatâ€"anybody's ever said to me." She laughed again. "Want to..."

"Shut up," Daryl responded. Carol did, for a moment.

"Me too," Carol said finally.

Daryl snickered.

"Well ain't that just the most romantic damn thing too," he said.

But when Carol told him to shut up, she did it a little differently. She moved herself to catch his face and pull it to her. She gave him the same kind of kiss that she'd given him before. Hard and hungry. He accepted her request to deepen the kiss and didn't take long for him to realize that thisâ€"whatever anyone might want to call itâ€"was going to get out of control very quickly for the both of them. He pushed her back again.

"Andrea's in the damn back of the car," he said.

"Asleep," Carol said.

"So? They ain't no wall," he said. "Ain't nothin' between us but a ratty ass backseat."

"She's asleep," Carol repeated. "She has been for a while. Andâ€"I can be very, very quiet. I mean I'veâ€"you know, taken care of things? Right next to you and you didn't even know...nobody did."

Daryl was glad she couldn't see his expression.

"You what?" He asked.

"Well you weren't going to do it," Carol remarked. "Andâ€"you still aren't." She sighed.

Daryl thought about it. The woman in the back was asleep. Carol was right. She'd been asleep for a while and they were so exhausted most of the time that they were out as soon as they told themselves they were allowed to sleep. And he had an odd gut feeling that if he

turned her down now, Carol wasn't going to ask againâ€”teasing or otherwise.

"It's tight over here," he said.

"Your pants?" Carol teased in the darkness. Daryl rolled his eyes, even though she couldn't see it.

"Stop," he said. "It's just...tight..." He gestured in the space around him, but he didn't know if she could see him or not. Either way, she seemed to be ignoring him.

Carol laughed quietly to herself. "And I don't know how tight it'll be. It's been a while...but..."

"Damn seat's not that big," he responded, frustrated because he hadn't been able to get out what he was trying to express and it was just making things worse.

"I think we could make do," Carol said. "I meanâ€”it's not going to be the most romantic sex ever, but it would get the job done."

Nothing about it was going to be romantic, but Daryl hated to burst her bubble by pointing that out. It had been so long that he was dying just over the thought that it wasn't a joke. He'd be lucky if he even lasted long enough to get her into position. Still, to show that he was as dedicated to this as she wasâ€”or to call her bluff if that's what it ended up being, he raised himself up enough in the seat to unbutton his jeans and get them somewhat down. He wondered if she could even see himâ€”because he could barely see her.

She responded by raising herself up to come out of her pants entirely. She bumped her head on the ceiling above her and cursed quietly. A little struggle, though, and she was apparently entirely out of her pantsâ€”even though he couldn't see much detail. She hummed at him.

"Can you see anything?" She asked, apparently reading his mind.

"No," he confirmed. "Not really."

"Good," she commented, crawling over the console between them and immediately into his lap.

In trying to help her get situatedâ€”and find enough room to even put her bodyâ€”Daryl's hand ghosted over her. He found soft curls and warm wetness and he couldn't help himself. He moved his fingers to stroke her, teasing her with his fingertips. His body responded to the teasing, he imagined, every bit as much as hers did. And it responded even more when she moaned and leaned into him, apparently taking a great deal of pleasure from what he considered the simplest of touches.

"Feels like you were startin' without me," he commented. Her breath blew over him and she leaned close to his ear. He hissed when she responded, in kind, with wrapping her hand around him and stroking him.

"You weren't exactly waiting," she said.

Daryl grunted.

"And ain't gonna wait too long," he hissed. "Sorryâ€"but this ain't gonna last forever."

Carol responded by releasing him and kissing him again. He moved his hands to slide them under her shirt. He fumbled a moment to get his fingers under her sports bra and finally found her breasts. He wanted to suck themâ€"to tease her nipplesâ€"but there was neither time nor space for that. And Carol seemed to agree with that sentiment because she reached down and touched him again, but this time it was to guide him into her. She slid her body down, taking him in all at once, and then she stilled and leaned against him. For just a moment, they did nothing more than stay that way, both breathing heavily, but finally Daryl groaned at her.

"Gotta move," he said. "Can't stay like this forever."

And in response, Carol seemed to make it clear that she was taking control of thingsâ€"just as she'd done thus far. Daryl gave her the total control of the situation. He concentrated on trying to make things lastâ€"not want to be something of a one minute wonderâ€"but the sensations that he was feeling, sensations that he'd wanted longer than he cared to admit, seemed to have other ideas. He groaned when he felt himself drawing close, too close, because he wanted it to last but it just wouldn't.

Carol dug her fingers into his shoulder and leaned into him, all the while attempting not to bang her head on the top of the car any more than she already had in the cramped space.

"Come on," she urged himâ€"and it was all that he needed.

Before he could catch his breath, she was covering his mouth with her own. She took the last of his breath even as the rest of her body took everything else that he had to offer for the time being. Immediately he felt more exhausted than he'd felt in a long time, but his mind was still buzzing.

"Sorry," he panted out to her as soon as he could speak. She kissed the side of his mouth in response.

"Never be sorry, _pookie_," she teased, combing her fingers through his hair. "I'm not."

"Wasn't too good for you," he said.

Carol hummed.

"It wasn't a pharmacy," she said. "Butâ€"we're working up to it. Tomorrow? We'll ask to go ahead and scout. Find a pharmacy for ourselves?"

Daryl laughed to himself, his breathing just beginning to come under control.

"Stop," he said.

